

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

DESIGNED FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH,
EDITOR.

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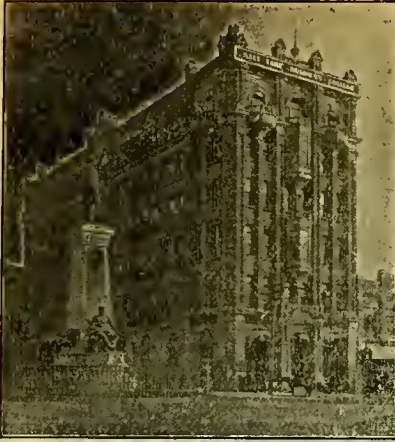
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Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN OF THE
DESERET SUNDAY
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VOL. XXXVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 15, 1903.

No. 22.

THE APPLES OF OUR EYE.

THE State Board of Horticulture tells us, "that fully eighty per cent of apples may be kept free from worms by spraying, some growers even claiming ninety-five per cent of perfect apples."

The Board issues a number of rules and formulas for the care of orchards. Decayed matter, debris, and rubbish are to be removed from the grounds and destroyed by burning.

Then you are to spray, time and again, all summer, according to the disease encountered, either with Paris green or Bordeaux mixture, or kerosene emulsion, or resin wash, or hydrocyanic gas. By eternal vigilance and hard and intelligent work, you will make the average yield of your orchard worth one dollar per bushel instead of twenty-five cents—you will keep the worms out of at least eighty per cent of the crop. But, sad thought! ten or twenty per cent of the product, despite the care and labor of the orchardist, will continue to be worm-eaten and worthless, year after year, until the bright millennial day of the fruit-grower, when neither codling moth nor slug shall corrupt (nor boys break through and steal).

The tree is known by its fruit. It will be beyond the power of the grower to change the variety—for does not every tree bring forth according to its kind? But the quality will be good or bad according as the condition of the tree is good or corrupt.

This is not an article on fruit raising, as it seems—you know things are seldom what they seem—it is an article on children. Let us consider children as the fruit, and parents as the tree, in the garden of the world. Continuing the comparison,—is the parental tree not known by its fruit? The world believes that it should be so, and this is why a good child brings honor to its parents and an evil child overwhelms them with disgrace. As soon as the little toddler appears in public, he shows forth characteristics which indicate to all observers, and unmistakably, what has been his home training. He may be of excellent stock, and in his budding days give certain promise of developing into useful maturity; but as the cankerous worm will find lodgment in the tender fruit, if it is not sprayed and re-sprayed and the surroundings kept free from uncleanness, so will the innocence of infancy be contaminated by the worm of neglect—

and both fruit and child will mature only to be rejected of men.

Those rare cases in which children grow up altogether worse than their parents do not disprove the general rule—they represent the ten or twenty per cent of naturally good fruit which are worm-eaten in spite of the intelligent precautions of the most painstaking parents. But in the neglected family as in the neglected orchard, the percentages are usually reversed, and it is only a pitiful ten per cent or so of the product that is sound and wholesome.

So much for the evil—what of the remedy? Why, the remedy is found in ever vigilant and laborious care—the young fruit must be sprayed and re-sprayed and the home surroundings must be kept wholesome. As the spraying mixture varies in the real orchard, so must it vary in the case of the child, according to the nature of the malady. Every efficient spraying mixture for children must contain about sixty per cent of lovingkindness and consideration, twenty per cent of good parental example, ten per cent of precept, and ten per cent of discipline, of which the ingredients will be varied by the discriminating parent, from gentle persuasion to righteous anger (even spanking in extreme youth) according to necessity. Decayed matter, in the shape of bad companions, and rubbish, in the form of noxious literature or idleness, must be eliminated.

Let us here part from our allegory.

We Sunday School workers can be helpful to you parents only in proportion as you are helpful to us. We want a disciplined child—by discipline I mean that mental attitude which leads the child to respect authority, to revere our houses of worship, and to pay due respect to prayer and religious ceremonies, and to desire to progress.

Parents, we know your methods better than you imagine. If your children come clean and neat to Sabbath School, we know that you appreciate that cleanliness and Godliness go hand in hand; from their punctuality, we argue your orderliness; from their deference to the rules of the school, your own respect for those we should honor; from their preparedness, your anxiety for their advancement; from their reverence for the house and the worship, your own love of God and reverence for things sacred. But if, alas! your child comes dirty and late, whistles in the meeting house, does not bow his head or whispers during prayers, climbs over the benches, insults his teacher by "talking back," is not amenable to rule, never pretends to prepare a lesson at home, and stays away whenever he desires—we have had a taste of the fruit and we have our own opinion of the tree; and so has the whole world. Honor yourselves by training your offspring.

Richard W. Young.



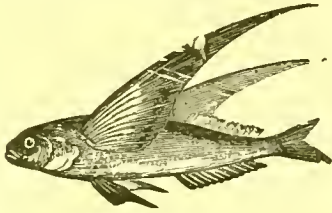
THE FLYING FISH.

THE waters of the Samoan Islands afford excellent opportunities for watching the flying fish. I have observed their movements through the air hundreds of times, and from my own

observations learn that this peculiar fish will dart from the sea surface with great rapidity and move as easily against the wind as with it. While moving through the air, the pectoral and ventral fins are

apparently motionless, being spread out and allowed to remain quiet without flapping, but by watching closely, the outstretched pectoral fins can be seen to vibrate with great rapidity. These fish seem more sportive when a heavy wind is blowing, and the sea is very rough. On stormy days, when the wind is high, great schools, containing hundreds of these fish, may be seen at once rising from the waters of Pago Pago harbor. They dart from the surface with outstretched fins and move swiftly through the air.

During their flight, they slightly incline, the head of the fish being a trifle higher than the hinder part of the body.



THE FLYING FISH.

The stronger the wind the farther the fish seem to fly, moving of course against, and not with the wind. If their line of flight, and the direction in which the current of wind moves, form an angle, the distance covered will be much greater than if a calm prevails. As the animal rises out of the water and takes up a course of flight, this course is maintained, the creature continuing on in the same direction, as when it came out of the water, notwithstanding head winds are against it.

After we were a few days' journey from the Sandwich Islands, one of these little creatures landed on the deck of our steamer. The wind at the time was blowing heavily from the south east, and crossing the original track of the fish, thus bending its course inward, causing

it to fall on the deck of the ship. While flying against heavy winds they rise a trifle higher above the water surface, than while moving with the wind. These fish will fly for the ninth of a mile, skimming the water surface as closely as a swallow would.

Flying fish seldom fall on the deck of a ship, but when they do it is more often in the night than in the day, and then the winds must be unusually strong, in order to force the deck of the vessel near to the sea surface. They seldom, if ever, fall on board from the lee side, but only on the windward side. As already stated, if the winds are exceptionally strong the animal flies higher, moving against the course of the waves. If a calm prevails, the fish has not the power to throw itself on the deck of a moving vessel, nor can it land on board from the lee side, even in a great wind. The swimming schools, when pursued by sharks, or aroused by moving vessels, dart out of the water and during their whole course in the air remain as near as possible to the surface, their tails cutting the crest of the waves.

They do not leave the water for the purpose of obtaining food. During a calm they seldom rise more than three feet above the water surface. The strong tail furnishes the motive power while in the water. It is thought that the rapid vibrations of the pectorals are due to the resistance of the air to the movements of the fish,

When the tail ceases to act, the ventrals are spread and held open. When the fish falls the tail comes in contact with the water and immediately the pectoral fins begin to move and the fish resumes its course. They sometimes grow to a length of twenty inches, and furnish excellent food.

F. Van Cott.

UNTO OTHERS.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

IT was glorious riding out on the smooth road, with the November air just crisp enough to be bracing. Bertha and Hal drew in long breaths of it as the horses cantered briskly on, rejoicing in the ride that lay before them. It made them hungry though, and both expressed the same sentiment almost at once.

"I can almost smell Aunt Nell's turkey dressing."

"I hope dinner will be ready to the minute."

"My mouth's watering with cranberry juice."

"I'm swallowing two-inch bites of pumpkin pie."

"Let's race, and get there quicker!"

"All right. Ready! One, two, three! Get up Prince."

They sped down the road, the bay and roan ponies sniffing the spirit of the two, seemingly enjoying the cool air, and leaving a little cloud of dust to mark their fleet way.

They were due to meet the rest of the family at Aunt Nell's at half-past three, and it was now two o'clock. It was an hour's ride, so they would get there just in time for the Thanksgiving feast awaiting them.

Bertha and Hal had stayed all night at the Stanton's who had given a Thanksgiving eve party for Amy, Bertha's pet chum, and the rest of the family had gone over to Aunt Nell's the day before, leaving the children to follow at their pleasure.

There was to be a big family dinner, and in the evening old-fashioned games and dancing, and apples and cider, to make the day complete. They had all been looking forward to it for weeks, and Bertha and Hal could hardly wait to get there.

It would not be long now, for they were almost half way, and the horses were doing their best. Just then Bertha spied something a little way ahead that made her draw rein. It was a covered wagon standing a little way from the roadside, with two horses hitched at the rear, and a stovepipe issuing from the top. Around it three children played at some simple game, while a man sat on the wagon-tongue listlessly watching them.

Despite the sunshine and comparative warmth of the Southern Utah climate, there was something infinitely desolate in the scene.

The plain on which the camp was hitched was devoid of vegetation, and brown with November's frost, and no human habitation reared its sight for miles around. The tiny colony might have been dropped suddenly from somewhere into the midst of the desert place, so detached did it seem from human centers.

"I guess they're the people Uncle Ben was telling about," said Bertha, as Hal drew his horse to a slower pace to match hers. "They lost their home in Nebraska, and are going to Arizona to try and make a new start. They stayed over at Huntville two or three days, and the ward had to help them to provisions to last the journey through. I guess they're started on again, and have just got this far."

"Perhaps they wanted to camp over Thanksgiving day," said Hal.

Bertha's face grew serious.

"Think of it, Hal,—spending Thanksgiving in a place like this!"

As they neared the spot, the children edged nearer to the road, looking curiously at the riders, and a woman's face appeared between the wagon flaps. They

stood, silent and listless, watching Bertha and Hal till they had passed; then the woman disappeared in the wagon and the children resumed their play.

Bertha and Hal rode on slowly and in silence.

"It almost spoils my Thanksgiving, Hal," said Bertha presently.

"So it does mine," responded Hal. "I'd be boo-hooing, if I had to spend a day like this, away out there on the plain, without a soul in earshot, and no friends within a hundred miles of me."

"I wonder if they're got anything for dinner."

"Mighty little I guess. Uncle Ben said they felt awfully about being dependent, and would only take what was absolutely necessary to keep them alive on the way."

Bertha suddenly drew rein.

"Hal—I'm going to try and give those people something to be thankful for. I'm going home and get dinner for them. There's plenty in the house, and I know mother would approve if she knew."

"The same thought came to me—only, the folks will be worried about us."

"You must ride over and tell them, Hal."

"And leave you alone? Not much. I'll drop into Leonard's and tell Jake to call there on his way to Huntville. He's going over to Parker's to dinner."

They turned, and soon drew up at the lonely camp. It took some time to argue away the protests offered by the two older people, but finally they prevailed upon, and Bertha and Hal rode on with grateful thanks in their ears,—leaving the family to gather their goods up and harness the team, while they sped on to make preparations.

The key to the house had been left at the Stanton's, who lived next door, and Bertha ran in for it, while Hal went to Jake Leonard with his message.

"It's a dear, Christian act!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanton when Bertha told them. "If I wasn't crowded to the last inch of house and table room, I'd take them myself. As it is, I'll help you out all I can."

"There are some fresh-baked pies ready, and as for meal"—

"We've got a turkey over home, all baked!" exclaimed Bertha, her triumphant and ecstatic tone making them all laugh. Mother did it yesterday, to send to Mrs. Kelley, then she heard the bishop had sent one already."

"We've got plenty of cranberry jelly," put in Amy.

"And there's currant jelly and potatoes and sweet corn in the cellar over home, quoth Bertha.

"You'll give them a feast dear," said Mrs. Stanton, "and you'll be blessed for it. Amy, you go over with Bertha and help her out."

The two girls fairly ran in their eagerness.

Hal was there to make the fires, and by the time the strangers appeared at the gate, the potatoes and corn were steaming on the stove, the par-baked turkey was in the oven, with the smell of the dressing creeping deliciously into the air, and the bright, cheery, spirits of the three hosts making an atmosphere of its own, better a great deal than anything mundane or material. Under its influence the strangers soon felt at ease, the older ones luxuriating in the light and warmth of the grate fire, and the first newspapers they had seen for weeks, while the younger ones romped about outdoors; and the eldest girl, who was nearly Bertha's age, shyly helping the two girls in the kitchen.

When it was all done, and dinner steaming on the table, no more bounteous spread could have been found in the county.

From turkey to pumpkin pie—all was a success, and barely to see the impromptu guests eat, did the three hosts good.

Mrs. Stanton, who by this time had served her own dinner, sent the twins who were next oldest to Amy, over to wait on table, so that Hal and the girls could eat with the guests, and it surprised all of them to find what amazing things could be done with a good appetite. And the cheer of it all! The strangers from largest to smallest seemed literally to be transformed. The listless, lonely, wistful looks were all gone, and each one had the look of believing that the world held something good for them yet.

By the time it was over, and the remains cleared away, it was almost dark, and to Bertha's glee, who should appear—some five hours earlier than they were expected—but father, mother and the rest of the children—having decided to forego the evening at Aunt Nell's, and see for themselves what was going on at home.

Having heard something of the strangers from Uncle Ben, they were prepared to find them what they seemed to be, quiet, good-natured and well-meaning people, and joined in with the children to make their day a happy one. They found the man intelligent and entertaining, and were regaled with many interesting and amusing stories of happenings in his life, and in his home in Nebraska. Besides these, there were games for the children, with red-cheeked apples, and cider and doughnuts—through it all just as it had been planned at Aunt Nell's, only that there was the added zest and pleasure of seeing the young ones' glee shared by those to whom such pastimes and treats were unusual luxuries, and the parents' satisfaction magnified ten fold at sight of the look on the faces of the older ones to whom it was not given to yield their own such joy.

At half-past ten the man rose with a half-suppressed sigh.

"I guess we better be getting camped out Martha," he said.

But to this their hosts would not listen.

"There's a spare room with two beds, your oldest girl here can sleep with Bertha," James Dalton said.

"Better finish the day with us, and make a fresh start tomorrow."

"It seems to me" said the other with a queer choking in his voice, "we've got almost enough to be thankful for, already."

"Then add to our store by staying to join in our prayer of Thanksgiving," said his host.

He had no more to say after that; but when they were ready to kneel, he quietly asked the privilege of offering the prayer.

His words were simple and homely with no hint of rhetorical beauty to catch the ear, but when he finished there was not a dry eye among the little assemblage.

"Take it altogether," said Bertha afterward, "it was the dearest and happiest Thanksgiving Day I ever had."

"I hope you realize the secret of it, dear," her mother answered. "We can make every day like that if we will. There is always something to do for others, if our eyes are open to the privilege, and no other thing can bring us the same peace and joy."

Josephine Spencer.



FAREWELL TO HOME.

How pleasant are these stubble fields,
 Though shorn of grass and grain,
 Outspread beneath the Autumn sun,
 An undulating plain,
 Yon watercourse is willow-fringed,
 These zigzag fences brown.
 This scented breeze on silent wings
 Is soft as thistledown.

The sober Autumn butterfly
And graybeard grasshopper,
On laggard wings draw slowly nigh
Like tardy messenger.

The peaceful kine with drowsy air
Muse in the pasture nigh,
The leafless trees stand tall and bare
Against the brooding sky.

The clouds, as fine as gossamer,
With sunshine melting through,
Seem snowy lands with seas between,
Of deep, translucent blue.

The encircling hills all dreaming lie,
Like monuments of rest;
I fondly gaze and heave a sigh
To ease my aching breast.

For I am doomed afar to roam
From this familiar scene;
Henceforth the hallowed vales of home
In dreams alone be seen.

Long will these tranquil, dear delights,
From which with tears I part,
Like pictures fair in shades and lights,
Be imaged on my heart.

Sweet scenes, your links around my heart
Can never be undone,
Though time and distance hold apart
My life and this dear home.

I will not say fate is unkind,
Though now it seemeth so;
I'll take her hand and I shall find
Some hidden good, I know.

Whoever trusts the guiding hand,
Of Providence through life,
Finds home and peace, and every land
With precious blessings rife.

Then fare thee well, dear native vale;
Sweet peace be ever thine,
Seedtime and harvest never fail;
And trust in God be mine.

Lu Dalton.



'WAY DOWN SOUTH IN MEXICO.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 663.)

I MUST tell you of a strange invention that we saw on our Mexican trip. "Come with me for a ride," said a gentleman friend one morning, "and I will show you how we have harnessed the sun, and how we use the rays of old Sol to pump water and make steam. I tell you," he continued, "the day of muscle has passed; the day of brains has come. Men are not going to wear themselves out doing heavy work much longer when they can get the sun and the clouds to do it for them."

A ride of two miles brought us to a place where the sun was busy at work pumping water. We tied up our horse and went over to inspect the most unique invention we had ever seen—a

solar motor. Hold on a moment. The mail carrier has just put into my hands a copy of *Success*, and as I glance over its pages I see a very interesting article on the same subject, written by Ray Stannard Baker. Now, what would be the use of me writing an article when Mr. Baker has written one for me? So I will follow the example of my friends in the south, and as they use the sun to pump their water, so I will use Mr. Baker's article for my purpose. Mr. Baker recently inspected a solar motor at Los Angeles, California, and the following is his description of the invention:

The solar motor, as it is called, was set up at one end of a great enclosure

where ostriches are raised. I don't know which interested me more at first, the sight of these tall birds striding with dignity about their roomy pens, or sitting on their big, yellow eggs,—just as we imagine them wild in the desert,—or the huge, strange creation of man by which the sun is made to toil. I do not believe I could have guessed the purpose of this unique invention, if I had not known what to expect. I might have hazarded the opinion that it was some new and monstrous searchlight: beyond that, I think my imagination would have failed me. It resembled a huge inverted lamp shade, or possibly a tremendous iron-ribbed colander, bottomless, set on its edge and supported by a steel framework. Near by there was a little wooden building which served as a shop or engine house. A trough full of running water led away on one side, and from within came the steady “chug-chic, chug-chug” of machinery, apparently a pump. So this was the sun-subduer! On a little closer inspection, with an audience of ostriches, very sober, looking over the fence behind me and wondering, I suppose, if I had a cracker in my pocket, I made out some other very interesting particulars in regard to this strange invention. The colander-like device was, in reality, I discovered, made up of hundreds and hundreds (nearly one thousand, eight hundred in all,) of small mirrors, the reflecting side turned inward, set in rows on a strong steel framework which composed the body of the great colander. By looking up through the hole in the bottom of the colander I was astonished at the sight of an object of such brightness that it dazzled my eyes. It looked, indeed, like a miniature sun, or at least like a huge arc light, or a white-hot column of metal. Indeed, it was white-hot, glowing, burning hot,—a slim cylin-

der of copper set in the exact center of the colander. At the top there was a jet of white steam like a plume, for this was the boiler of this extraordinary engine.

“It is all very simple when you come to see it,” the manager was saying to me. “Every boy has tried the experiment of flashing the sunshine into his chum's window with a mirror. Well, we simply utilize that principle. By means of these hundreds of mirrors we reflect the light and heat of the sun on a single point at the center of what you have described as the colander. Here we have the cylinder of steel containing the water we wish heated for steam. This cylinder is thirteen and one-half feet long, and will hold one hundred gallons of water. If you could see it cold, instead of glowing with heat, you would find it jet black, for we cover it with a peculiar heat-absorbing substance made partly of lampblack, for if we left it shiny it would re-reflect some of the heat which comes from the mirrors. The cold water runs in at one end through this flexible metallic hose, and the steam goes out at the other through a similar hose to the engine in the house.”

Though this colander, or “reflector,” as it is called, is thirty-three and one-half feet in diameter at the outer edge, and weighs over four tons, it is yet balanced perfectly on its tall standards. It is, indeed, mounted very much like a telescope, in meridian, and a common little clock in the engine room operates it so that it always faces the sun, like a sunflower, looking east in the morning and west in the evening, and gathering up the burning rays of the sun and throwing them upon the boiler at the center. In the engine house I found a pump at work, chug-chugging like any pump run by steam power, and the

water raised by sun power flowing merrily away. The manager told me that he could easily get ten horse power, and that, if the sun was shining brightly, he could heat cold water in an hour to produce one hundred and fifty pounds of steam.

The wind sometimes blows a gale in Southern California, and I asked the manager what provision had been made for keeping this huge reflector from blowing away.

"Provision is made for varying wind pressures," he said, "so that the machine is always locked in any position, and may only be moved by the operating mechanism unless, indeed the whole structure, should be carried away. It is designed to withstand a wind velocity of one hundred miles an hour. It went through the high gales of the November storms without a particle of damage. One of the peculiar characteristics of its construction is that it avoids wind pressure as much as possible.

The operation of the motor is so simple that it requires very little human labor. When power is desired, the reflector must be swung into focus, that is, pointed exactly toward the sun, which is done by turning a crank. This is not beyond the power of a good-sized boy. There is an indicator which readily shows when a true focus is obtained. After this has been done the reflector follows the sun closely all day. In about an hour the engine can be started by the turn of the throttle valve. As the engine is automatic and self-oiling, it runs without further attention. The supply of water to the boiler is also automatic, and is maintained at a constant height without any danger of too much or too little water. Steam pressure is controlled by means of a safety valve, so that it may never reach a dangerous point. The steam passes from the en-

gine to the condenser and thence to the boiler, and the process is repeated indefinitely.

Having now a solar motor, let us see what it is good for, and what is expected of it. Of course, when the sun does not shine, the motor does not work, so that its usefulness would be much curtailed in a very cloudy country like England, for instance, but here in Southern California and in all the desert region of the United States and Mexico, to say nothing of the Sahara in Africa, where the sun shines almost continuously, the solar motor has its greatest sphere of usefulness,—and, indeed, its greatest need; these lands of long sunshine—the deserts—are also the lands of parched fruitlessness, with little rain, so that the invention of a motor which will utilize sunshine for pumping water has a peculiar value here.

The solar motor is expected to operate at all seasons of the year, regardless of all climatic conditions, with the single exception of cloudy skies. Cold makes no difference whatever. The best results from the first model used in experimental work at Denver were obtained at a time when the pond from which the water was pumped was covered with a thick coating of ice. But, of course, the length of the solar day is greater in summer, giving more heat and more power. The motor may be depended upon for work from about one and one-half hours after sunrise to within half an hour of sunset. In the summer time this would mean about twelve hours' constant pumping.

Think what such an invention will mean, if practically successful, to the vast stretches of our arid western land, valueless without water! Spread all over this country of Arizona, New Mexico, Southern California, and other states are thousands of miles of canals

to bring in water from the rivers, for irrigating the deserts, and there are untold numbers of windmills and steam and gasoline pumps which accomplish the same purpose more laboriously. Think what a new source of cheap power will do,—making valuable hundreds of acres of desert land, and providing homes for thousands of busy Americans! Indeed, a practical solar motor might make habitable even the Sahara Desert. It can be used in many other ways besides for pumping water. Threshing machines might be run by this power, and, converted into electricity and saved up in storage batteries, it might be used for lighting houses, even for cooking dinners, or, in fact, for any purpose requiring power.

These solar motors can be built at no great expense. I was told that ten-horse-power plants would cost about two hundred dollars per horse power, and one-hundred-horse-power plants about one hundred dollars per horse power. This would include the entire plant, with engine and pump complete. When it is considered that the annual rental of electric power is frequently fifty dollars per horse power, whether it is used or not, it will be seen that the solar motor means a great deal, especially in connection with irrigation enterprises.

The time is coming—long-headed inventors saw it many years ago,—when some device for the utilization of the sun's heat will be a necessity. The world is now using its coal at a very rapid rate, and its wood—for fuel purposes—has already nearly disappeared, so that, within a century or two, new ways of furnishing heat and power must be devised or the human race will perish of cold and hunger. Fortunately there are other sources of power at hand: the waterfalls—the Niagaras—which, converted into electricity, may yet heat our

sitting rooms and cook our dinners. There is also wind power, now used to a limited extent by means of windmills. But greater than either of these sources is the unlimited potentiality of the tides of the sea, which men have sought in vain to harness, and the direct heat of the sun itself. Some time in the future these will be subdued to the purposes of men, becoming, perhaps, our main dependence for heat and power.

When we come to think of it, the harnessing of the sun is not so very strange. In fact, we have had it in actual use since the coming of man upon the earth, only indirectly. Without the sun there would be nothing here—no men, no life. Coal is nothing but stored-up, bottled sunshine. The sunlight of unnumbered years ago produced forests, which, falling, were buried in the earth and changed into coal. So, when we put coal in the cook stove, we may truthfully say that we are boiling the kettle with million-year-old sunshine. Similarly there would be no waterfalls for us to chain and convert into electricity, as we have chained Niagara, if the sun did not evaporate the water of the sea, take it up in clouds, and afterwards empty the clouds in rain on the mountain tops, whence the water tumbles down again to the sea. So no wind would blow without the sun to work changes in the air. In short, therefore, we have been using the sunlight all these years, hardly knowing it, but not directly. Think of the tremendous amount of heat which comes to the earth from the sun! Every boy has tried using a burning glass, which, focusing a few inches of the sun's rays, will set fire to paper or cloth.

Professor Langley says that "the heat which the sun, when near the zenith, radiates upon the deck of a steamship, would suffice, could it be turned into

work without loss, to drive her at a fair rate of speed."

The knowledge of this enormous power going to waste daily and hourly has inspired many inventors to work on the problem of the solar motor. Among the greatest of these was the famous Swede, John Ericsson, who invented the iron-clad "Monitor." He constructed a really workable solar motor, different in construction but similar in principle to the one in California which I have described. In 1876 Ericsson said: "Upon one square mile, using only one-half of the surface and devoting the rest to buildings, roads, etc., we can drive sixty-four thousand, eight hundred steam engines, each of one-hundred horse power, simply by the heat radiating from the sun. Archimedes, having completed his calculation of the force of a lever, said that he could move the earth; I affirm that the concentration

of the heat radiated by the sun would produce a force capable of stopping the earth in its course." He was a firm believer in the truth of his theories, and devoted the last fifteen years of his life and one hundred thousand dollars to experimental work on his solar engine.

For various reasons Ericsson's invention was not a practical success. But, now that modern inventors with their advancing knowledge of mechanics have turned their attention to the problem, and now that the need of the solar motor is greater than before, especially in the world's deserts, we may look to see a practical and successful machine. Perhaps the California motor may prove the solution of the problem. Perhaps it will need improvements, which use and experience will indicate. Perhaps it is left for a reader of these words to discover the great secret and make his fortune.



SEMI-ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 665.)

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.



THINK all have been delighted during this meeting with the remarks that have been made, the testimonies that have been borne, and the reports that have been given, and with the delightful music that has gratified our ears. I endorse all that has been said, and I commend it to all the Sunday School workers within the sound of my voice. I hope that we will struggle on and upward to attain the highest mark of excellence that it is possible for us to attain, by diligent effort, by study and preparation on the part of the

teachers, that they may be able to assist their pupils in their labors and studies to attain a higher excellence.

I desire to commend to this congregation the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, for I think I may do so without any egotism on my part, for it is not the little that is said in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, over my own signature that I commend particularly, but the articles that are written by our correspondents, such as have been named here this evening, by those who are cultured and who are studious and experienced.

I was startled a few days ago when a very prominent man in one of our stakes

began to flatter me a little, over something that had been published in the *Era*, in relation to card playing. After he had given me a little taffy, I said to him, "But have you read my articles in the JUVENILE?" "Oh, no, I quit taking the JUVENILE." "Why so?" "Oh, it shoots over the mark." I began to wonder how long since he had been reading the "little letters" and the communications found in the Letter-box in the JUVENILE. I came to the conclusion that my good brother had not been reading the JUVENILE for sometime past—for a long time past. I am afraid he quit reading it before he quit subscribing for it. Now I will say, that the brethren associated with me who are more actively connected with the publication of the JUVENILE, because of the duties that otherwise devolve upon me, are doing their utmost, and are exerting themselves in great wisdom to publish matter that will be instructive, interesting and profitable to all who read. I desire to say at this time to this congregation that I have felt very strongly of late a desire, a responsibility, I may say, resting upon me, to admonish the Latter-day Saints everywhere to cease loitering away their precious time, to cease from all idleness. It is said in the revelations that the idler in Zion shall not eat the bread of the laborer, and there is vastly too much, in some parts—not universally, but there is far too much precious time wasted by the youth of Zion, and perhaps by some that are older and more experienced and who ought to know better, in the foolish, vain and unprofitable practice of card-playing. We hear of card parties here and card parties there, and entertainments where the playing of cards is the principal amusement; and the whole evening is thus wasted. The whole precious time of those that are gathered together on

occasions of this kind, aggregating many hours, absolutely wasted. If there was nothing else to be said against this practice, that alone should be sufficient to induce Latter-day Saints not to indulge in this foolish and unprofitable pastime.

Read good books. Learn to sing and to recite, and to converse upon subjects that will be of interest to your associates, and at your social gatherings, instead of wasting the time in senseless practices that lead only to mischief and sometimes to serious evil and wrongdoing; instead of doing this, seek out of the best books knowledge and understanding. Read history. Read philosophy, if you wish. Read anything that is good, that will elevate the mind and will add to your stock of knowledge, that your conversation may be interesting to those with whom you associate, and that those who associate with you may feel an interest in your pursuit of knowledge and of wisdom.

I endorse most heartily the remarks that were made here tonight by Brother Jackson. How can a man or a woman, as a teacher in the Sunday school or as one occupied in any other ecclesiastical duty, who is in the habit of playing cards, say to the children, "You must not do it, because it is a waste of time, and it may result in your ruin?" Who can give such advice who is in the habit of doing it himself? Who can say to the drunkard, the tippler, the frequenter of saloons, "You must not tippie; you must not frequent saloons, you should not darken the doors of such places," if he is in the habit of doing those things himself? What good mother can say to her daughter, "You must keep the word of wisdom," when she does not do it herself? What good father can say to his son, "My son, you must not gamble,

you must not play games of chance, you must not venture upon unholy ground," when the father himself is guilty of the same practices? It cannot be done, or, if it is done, it will be without force and without effect; except, perhaps, to brand with hypocrisy any such parent who gives such advice to his children, and it breeds contempt in the minds of the children when the parents undertake to teach them to be better than they are themselves, or not to do things which they themselves indulge in.

One of the essentials to a good Sunday School is to have good, pure minded, intelligent, noble, true, and faithful teachers. If you will have a child develop to what he should be, he that teaches the child should be developed to what he ought to be; and until he is developed in intelligence, in faith, in works of righteousness, in purity of heart and mind and spirit, he is not in a very good position to elevate others to it.

Take the JUVENILE. Remember the Nickel fund. The Lord is blessing Zion. It is but little that is necessary or needed from each when all will do their duty. Now regarding tithing, which is only a just claim upon us. If all the Latter-day Saints will pay an honest tithing of that which the Lord gives to them year by year, the trustee-in-trust, the presiding bishopric and others who are entrusted with the care of the funds of the Church, will have ample means to meet every requirement that is made of them. We shall have plenty to pay all the debts that were incurred during the persecutions of the last few years, and we shall have means on hand, instead of being behind, and we shall have plenty, and the earth will teem with plenty, and the Lord will open the windows of heaven and bless His people. Let me tell you for your

consolation, if it is any consolation to those that are reluctant in paying their tithing, that the sectarian preachers of the world are seeking to adopt, in their churches, the principle of tithe paying as the scriptural doctrine and as the most consistent and proper way of raising funds for the maintenance of their church work, instead of having to pass around the hat every time they have a meeting. Tithe paying is according to the law of God, and it will not be a great while, I will venture to say, before almost all the sectarian churches that have any tendency towards progress will have adopted the principle of tithing. And I am happy to say that the Latter-day Saints, through the revelation of this principle to the Prophet Joseph Smith, set this example to the world. It is the proper thing to do.

I hope to see the time when we shall not have to ask you for assistance, save it be to pay your fast offerings and your free will offerings, that which you offer for the benefit of the poor or for the accomplishment of some special work in the ministry; that beyond that we shall not have to ask you for anything but your tithing, and that day will come, if we will only do our duty.

Now, my brethren and sisters, let us do our duty—I do not say, "Do your duty." I say, Let us do our duty, all the time, and God will bless us. Amen.

PRESIDENT ANTHON H. LUND.

I endorse with all my heart the good counsel that has been given us by our President. I hope that we will remember it.

I have enjoyed the evening very much, and have listened with pleasure to the singing and all that has taken place here. When the song was sung, "Peace, be Still," it brought me back to a little sail which I took on the Lake

Genesaret. I there opened my Testament, and I read to my brethren the chapter where it speaks of Jesus stilling the storm on that same lake. I imagined myself back to that time, when he was lying in the boat asleep, and his disciples were afraid that they would be swallowed by the mad waves. As we sailed along, I wanted to steer, but our Arab friends were afraid to go far from the shore. They said that we might have just such a storm any time, and hence they wanted to hug the shore. We sailed near enough to the shore to have the flowers, the beautiful oleanders, drop into the boat. I think lessons of this kind should be instilled into the hearts of the children. We want them to have faith. We want them, when passion moves them, to be able to still the storm of passion, to control themselves, and when they are subjected to storms of persecution, we want them to be trained in our Sunday Schools to have faith and to put their trust in our Master, who has power to overrule even the storms of persecution for our good.

Let the Sunday Schools prosper. May you, my brethren and sisters, engaged in the good work, succeed in training the young minds entrusted to your care, that they may grow up and be an honor to their parents and to Zion. It is a blessed work you are engaged in. God bless you. Amen.

ELDER JOHN HENRY SMITH.

My brethren and sisters, I have been most happy in being with you here tonight, and I heartily endorse every word that has been spoken, and trust the spirit that has actuated the utterances of our brethren will find lodgment in our hearts, and that each one of us will determine to do our part in every respect and to the best of our ability.

May God bless your superintendents

and teachers, and inspire them to do their full part in all things that pertain to the work of God, is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ELDER HEBER J. GRANT.

I am very happy to be with you again. I rejoice in the labors that are being accomplished in the Sunday School.

I read the JUVENILE, or at least I did read it in Japan, with a great deal of pleasure. I think it is well edited, that every Latter-day Saint ought to read it. I feel that every teacher and superintendent that does not read it is failing, in fact not qualifying himself or herself for duty. May God help us to fulfill every duty, I ask it in the name of Jesus. Amen.

The Tabernacle choir sang "Peace, Be Still," and the Conference adjourned with the benediction of Elder George Teasdale.



SEATTLE.

SEATTLE was the name of an Indian chief, and the city bearing that name was founded in the year 1852. In 1880 it was still a village but its location upon the Puget Sound, and the construction of railroads leading from it to the interior made it a seaport town of superior advantage. Today it surpasses in commercial importance the city of Portland which for a long time was considered the queen of the northwest.

The acquisition of Alaska, the opening of her gold mines, and the development of her enormous fisheries have made Seattle the chief shipping point to that distant territory of the United States. Commercial relations have been

established between San Francisco and Seattle by which there has been an exchange of the products of California and Washington. What now gives to Seattle a special advantage in the commercial world is the opening of the markets of oriental China and Japan. Mr. Hill is equipping a new fleet for trade with those countries and proposes to empty the wheats of the Dakotas and the north-west into China. The people of Seattle, therefore, may be excused if they experience a tinge of pleasure in the future prospects of their wonderful city whose commercial value will rival that of San Francisco.

Seattle is also most advantageously located from a climatic standpoint. The westerly ocean currents coming from Japan bring with them a warm breeze that moderates what might otherwise be a severe climate during the winter season. During the summer months the temperature in Seattle is most delightful, the average temperature for the month of July being sixty degrees. It is surrounded by ideal resorts, and Lake Washington, at the back door of the city, is a delightful and picturesque resort that may be reached in a few minutes by means of a cable car. On this lake excursion steamers and row boats give diversion to the people. During the winter months the cold is never severe, the average temperature for January being forty degrees.

The city is located on high, rolling hills, and as you stand on the deck of the steamer you can see the houses climbing one above another until they are lost in the distance and disappear in the pine clad hills that await the march of the city and the construction of new and more beautiful homes.

The Puget Sound itself, is perhaps, the

most beautiful sheet of water anywhere in the world. This Sound is one hundred miles in length, its coast line is sixteen hundred miles, and it has an area of two thousand square miles. There is perhaps no more beautiful sight in the world than that which one beholds when seated in the little park at the north end of the city where the park overlooks the Sound. This clear, beautiful sheet of water, upon whose crest are floating the ships of many lands, and whose deep harbors are inviting the commerce of the world, is altogether prophetic of a future commercial glory that may well inspire the enthusiasm of the beholder.

Seattle was destroyed by fire in 1889 when fifteen million dollars worth of property went up in smoke. Since then handsome and modern structures have been erected and the city has put on a new garb, richer and more beautiful than before.

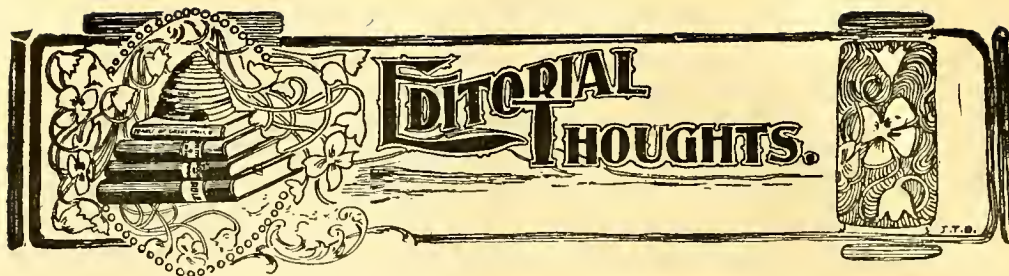
I stood on the deck of the ship at night as it glided gently from the beautiful harbor and witnessed the brilliant display of electric lights glimmering from thousands of incandescent lamps. The city itself seemed to be almost enveloped in flames so magnificent and universal was the display of electricity. It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful summer resort, a more healthful climate, and a more perfect spectacular beauty than Seattle, the queen of the north-west, affords.

J. M. Tanner.



A GOOD EXAMPLE.

ON Tuesday, October 27th, two days after nickel Sunday, the Granite Stake had its entire nickel donation paid to the general treasurer.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, - NOV. 15, 1903.

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Joseph F. Smith, - - - General Superintendent
George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent
J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent

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THE RETURNED MISSIONARY



ATTENTION was recently called through these columns to the spirit of laxity, which sometimes manifests itself even among our missionaries in the field. The justice of the plainly-stated but kindly-meant criticism there offered has been demonstrated by sundry comments that have come to our attention since the article was written.

We are told that this disposition toward inactivity in practical affairs clings to some of the missionaries after their return, and to a great degree unfits them for the daily labor required at their hands. To cite a specific instance:

The manager of one of our large business houses was in need of a young man in a position where activity, energy and skill were required, and for which a good salary would be paid. Among the young men named to him in response to his enquiries was a recently returned missionary whose business experience prior to his ministerial labors abroad had fully prepared him for the vacant situation. The manager remarked, "I know him well; my only objection to him is that he has too much of the missionary spirit about him." "What do you mean?" was asked. "He is inactive," was the prompt reply; "he is a good talker, and can hold his own in discussion and debate, but he is out of practice as far as hard, plodding, persistent work is concerned. I have had some such as he in my service before; they find it difficult to learn that words are of little use where 'hard licks' are demanded, and that the drudgery of business is essentially different from argument, however eloquent."

Such a condition must appear almost incredible to one who has not investigated for himself. We cannot believe that it is wide-spread, but that it exists at all is unfortunate. Is it possible that a special call for a season's labor in the direct service of the best of Masters can disqualify the servant for thorough work in material affairs? Experience in the army of the Lord should make of men the truest of soldiers, giving them added bravery and skill for the practical battle of every day life.

Service in the Lord's cause is a means

towards obtaining a true education, and an education that is worth the name widens the field of its possessor's usefulness, and imparts zest and energy to all his undertakings. One's religion should make of him a better son and brother, a more loving husband and father, a stronger citizen, in short, a true man. One's labors in the missionary field should broaden his field of vision, vitalize his energies, enlarge his capacity for good work in any direction, and make of him in every way a stronger and more useful citizen, as well as a more devoted member of the Church.

While a missionary is actually engaged in the field he should be wholly a missionary, devoting the best of his energies to the special duties assigned him. When he returns to his home community, he is still a missionary in the general sense, but he must remember that he has again taken his place in the ranks of the toilers, to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. The period of missionary field-service is generally too short to permit a feeling of professionalism to assume any great proportions; and this is as it should be.

Returned missionaries ought to be in demand where brave hearts, strong minds and willing hands are wanted. The genius of the gospel is not that of negative goodness—mere absence of what is bad; it stands for aggressive energy well directed, for positive goodness,—in short, for work.

We hear much of men who are speci-

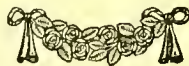
ally gifted, of geniuses in the world's affairs; and many of us force ourselves to think that we are capable of little and therefore may as well take life easy since we do not belong to that favored class. True, not all are endowed with the same gifts, nor is every one imbued with the strength of a giant; yet every son and every daughter of God has received some talent, and each will be held to strict account for the use or misuse to which it is put. The spirit of genius is the spirit of hard work, plodding toil, whole-souled devotion to the labor of the day.

Let no one think that any honorable labor is beneath him; harbor no dislike for the work of the hands, but let the mind direct them in skill and energy. The example set by our late beloved President, Wilford Woodruff, has often been cited abroad, and held up for the admiration and emulation of those who are not of us; it is that of most of the leading men of our Church. Even in his old age he did his share of physical toil, and rejoiced in his ability to "hoe his row" and hold his own with his grandchildren on the farm.

The gospel of Jesus Christ is a practical gospel; it has to deal with natural as well as with spiritual matters. Its tools are the scriptures and the implements of industry. Its sanctuaries are its tabernacles and temples, its workshops and factories and farms.

"My son, be up and doing, and the Lord be with thee."

Joseph F. Smith.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.



QUESTION: Where is the Isle of Patmos to which John the Revelator was banished?

Answer: Patmos is an island in a group or archipelago situated in the eastern portion of the Mediterranean Sea, and

about thirty miles west of the coast of Asia Minor. It is an irregular mass of barren rock, about twenty eight miles in circumference. It is now called Patmo and is subject to the Turks, though the inhabitants, who number a few thousand, are Greeks.

Question: Of what nationalities were the one hundred and forty-three breth-

ren who came to Utah in 1847, and who are known as the Pioneers?

Answer: Nine were Englishmen, five came from Canada, and one each from Germany and Denmark; the rest are understood to have all been born in the United States, though in the case of six this is not absolutely certain.



SOME OF OUR POETS.

SISTER HANNAH CORNABY.

SISTER HANNAH CORNABY, or Grandma Cornaby, as she is lovingly called by most of the children in Spanish Fork, was born March 17, 1822, in Rose Hall, an ancient mansion situated on the banks of the river Waveny, near the town of Beccles, county of Suffolk, England.

She was the daughter of William Last and Hannah Hollingsworth, who were, at the time of her birth, members of the Episcopal or Established church of England, from which they afterwards dissented and joined the Congregational church. Her mother was of a spiritual and deeply pious nature; and it was at her knee that Hannah received her early religious impressions.

When Sister Cornaby was about eight years old a circumstance occurred that made a deep impression on her mind. She thus speaks of it in her autobiography:

"My father and I were walking in our garden one evening in the mellow twilight, and a quiet, gray beauty pervaded the scene, when a sudden flash of light made us start; and turning towards the point whence it proceeded, we saw a re-

markable streak of red, rising in the west, which riveted our attention by its brightness. While watching its upward



HANNAH CORNABY.

course, an arm and a hand holding a roll were plainly visible, and soon the

form of a person appeared full in sight, following the streak of red before mentioned; a light, similar to the first followed this wonderful personage and the whole procession slowly moved through the midst of the heavens, and disappeared at the eastern boundary of the horizon. During the passage of this heavenly being across the entire arch of the sky, the right hand was in motion, waving the roll, as if showing it to the inhabitants of the earth. A loose robe covered the body leaving the arms and a portion of the limbs visible."

As years passed on, religious impressions deepened in Hannah's mind and she never undertook any important step without making it a matter of prayer; and although in some instances the answer came in direct opposition to her previous plans, following the whisperings of the Holy Spirit she was invariably led in the path of safety, as after events proved.

The great event of her life was brought about in a very peculiar manner. Walking along the street one day she saw a stranger alight from the stage coach; something whispered to her, "That is your future husband." Continuing her walk she met her sister, to whom she said, "I have just seen the man I am going to marry." Her sister asked who he was, and she replied that she did not know, he was an entire stranger but she knew he would be her future husband. Previous to that time she had received several flattering offers of marriage, but had refused them all.

The stranger proved to be Mr. Samuel Cornaby, who had just come to the town of Beccles to take charge of a public school, under the patronage of the Congregational Church, of which she was a member. In due time they were introduced by mutual friends.

After an acquaintance of four years

they were married on January 30 1851, at St. George's Church in Great Yarmouth, England.

In the month of February, 1852, the Gospel was brought to the town of Yarmouth by Elder George Day, whom Sister Cornaby first saw sheltering himself from the rain under the awning of her husband's book store. She invited him inside, and for the first time heard the voice of the true Shepherd. Her husband and herself listened with joy as the principles of the Gospel were unfolded to them.

Elder Claudius V. Spencer being President of the Norwich conference at that time, called upon Brother and Sister Cornaby, and helped to remove what lingering doubts remained in their minds; and they both received the Gospel with their whole hearts. They were baptized in the sea, surrounded by a howling mob, who hurled a shower of stones at them as they returned to their home. Fortunately they escaped unharmed.

Their path from this time on was a thorny one while they remained in England. But the spirit of gathering filled their hearts, and they felt that England was no longer their home.

On January the 17th, 1853, they set sail from Liverpool on the "Ellen Maria," a sailing vessel, and arrived at New Orleans, March 6th, of the same year.

They crossed the plains with ox teams in Captain Cyrus H. Wheelock's company, called the ten-pound company, arriving in Salt Lake City October 12, 1853. Sister Cornaby walked the entire distance from Keokuk, Iowa, to Salt Lake City.

With undaunted courage and with hearts full of gratitude, they commenced to wrestle with new conditions. Brother Cornaby found employment as a school teacher in the Seventeenth Ward, and

also as secretary to United States Marshal, Joseph L. Haywood.

In 1854 Brother Cornaby was appointed superintendent of the Seventeenth Ward Sunday school, a position he was eminently qualified to fill.

During the famine year of 1856, Sister Cornaby and her little ones were more than once miraculously provided with food in answer to prayer.

On October the 26th, 1856, Brother Cornaby, wife and family, left Salt Lake City to take up their abode at Spanish Fork, where they have since resided.

Sister Hannah Cornaby has patiently and trustingly participated with her husband in the numerous trials and sufferings incidental to the growth and development of an isolated territory, where faith, energy and push were required to succeed.

The gift of expressing her thoughts in verse, Sister Cornaby has enjoyed since her childhood, which gift she has used to comfort the bereaved and to cheer her fellow toilers along the thorny path of life.

She has contributed quite a number of poems and songs appropriate to Sunday School and other gatherings. One of the late Brother George Goddard's favorite songs, "Who's on the Lord's side? Who?" is from her pen. Besides contributing to the local papers, notably the *Woman's Exponent*, in the year 1881 she published a book, entitled "Autobiography and Poems," which is now out of print.

The following is an example of her poems:

OUR NATIVE FLOWERS.

The favored flowers of other lands
Have claimed the poet's powers;
But let our harp be tuned in praise
Of Utah's native flowers.

We've culled them from the hilly slopes,
From canyons' rugged side,
From low and mossy river banks,
And from the benches wide.

We've placed them in our garden plot,
And growing side by side,
Their fragrance and their beauty are
Our pleasure and our pride.

We've brought choice flowers from other
climes
And placed them near these gems,
Their mingled luster far exceeds
The costliest diadems.

The flowers thus brought from distant lands,
Suggest the thought so sweet,
God's chosen ones, though scattered now,
Together here may meet.

And like the flowers, their varied gifts,
Improve this sacred soil,
Making the wilderness to bloom,
Repaying care and toil.

Father, we thank Thee for the flowers
Thou hast so freely given,
And may our constant effort be
To make this earth a heaven.

Although Sister Cornaby has been an invalid for many years herself, and has passed through scenes of sorrow, she has unfalteringly devoted the highest services of her life to the endeavor of ameliorating the conditions of others with sunbeams from her poetic kaleidoscope, bouquets of actual flowers, or delightful and encouraging sentiments, sent from her sick-bed to the repining heart of some orphan child, hapless mother or weeping widow.

The greatest joy of her life continues even now, in her eighty-second year, to be to bestow love and kindness all around, to make home-life beautiful, to seek diligently to lead the hearts of her posterity to a full, willing compliance with the principles, designs and decrees of the Almighty, and to glorify God for His wonderful blessings towards herself, her family and the Saints everywhere. Her

trust and dependence upon Him are shown in the following lines:

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

"When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Psalm 61, 2nd verse.

When my spirit with sorrow is overwhelmed,
Then, from out of the depths comes the cry,
As my earthly friends leave, lead me, I pray,
"To the rock that is higher than I."

As my children, by death are called from my arms,
To their Father and Mother on high;
Then, all lonely and weak, I pray to be led
"To the rock that is higher than I."

In affliction's dark hour, when heart and flesh fail
And temptations my faith sorely try,

Then, more earnest I cling for strength and defense,

"To the rock that is higher than I."

If prosperity sheds its light on my path,
And kind friends to encourage are nigh,
In thanksgiving and praise I ever am led
"To the rock that is higher than I."

When I seek at earth's cisterns, my thirst to assuage,
And find them all broken and dry,
Then lead me I pray, for the life giving draught,
"To the rock that is higher than I."

Or when persecutions and trouble assail,
And their arrows are swift hurling by,
I fear not the shafts; while for shelter I'm led
"To the rock that is higher than I."

E'en death, the last enemy cannot destroy,
While on a strong arm I rely!
The Priesthood eternal is leading me on,
"To the rock that is higher than I."



THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT STUDIES.

THE TIMES OF EZRA AND NEHEMIAH.

WE know very little of the history of the years immediately after the completion of the temple. Darius Hystaspis, by whom was issued the second favorable decree to the Jews, strove to conquer the Greeks and to extend the despotism of the East over Europe. During his reign, though the Jews were prospered, they must have been kept in constant agitations by the passage and repassage of troops to the numerous wars in which the Persian army was engaged.

Darius was succeeded by his son Xerxes. It was this king, known in scripture as Ahasuerus, who exalted the Jewish maiden, Esther, to be queen of Persia. The triumph of Mordecai over

Haman insured the Jews continued favor and prosperity until the death of Xerxes.

More than seventy years had passed from the time of the return to the death of Xerxes. During that time Zerubbabel had died, probably at Babylon, where he had returned to intercede for the colonists at Jerusalem. His descent from David was made a pretext by the enemies of the Jews for constant agitation at the Persian court against the fortifying or enlarging of Jerusalem. Therefore the new community, though favored in many other ways, could not restore their city as it was before. Zerubbabel was succeeded in the civil authority of Jerusalem by the high priest, Joshua. His authority was, however, merely nominal. The real authority was vested in a Persian gover-

nor, who lived in the tower-castle of Baris, on the northwest edge of the temple precincts.

The new colony made considerable progress, in spite of the fact that the Samaritans, the Edomites and other envious nations, constantly intrigued against it at the Persian court. A great many houses were built. The high priest had erected for himself a suitable mansion within the temple grounds. Trade grew proportionately as the population increased in the half-restored streets. Traders, fishermen, goldsmiths, apothecaries, carpenters, locksmiths, masons, all found lucrative employment. And the fields round about yielded rich harvests of grapes, figs, oil, grain, and other products. Yet the spirits of the people were not gay and hopeful. There had been no great influx of immigrants from Babylon, as had been expected. The wealth of the heathen nations was not being poured into the coffers of the Jews, as had been promised by Haggai and others. The walls of the city lay in ruins, and the remains of former glory lay heaped in long mounds of rubbish. The tribute imposed by the Persian king was a heavy burden; and, besides, the establishments of the Persian governors had to be maintained by requisitions of bread, wine, and money. The confident hope in Zerubbabel had been disappointed; and with him the time-honored line of David had sunk into obscurity. Philistia, Phoenicia, Damascus—ancient enemies of Jerusalem—prospered, while the city of David lay still in ruins.

Under these circumstances of gloom and despondency, Zechariah, now an old man, reappeared to cheer his brethren. The seer observed that Syria, Phoenicia and Philistia, lands which belonged to Israel by divine covenant, and over which David and Solomon had ruled, were held now by the alien. Zech-

ariah promised that Judah should see God's judgment upon those nations, and that those who escaped should return to Jehovah, against whom they had so long waged war. (Zech. 9: 1-8.)

It was further promised that Messiah, the King, should appear in Jerusalem (Zech. 9:9, 10); and that Israel should be delivered from bondage in all lands, and be victorious over the heathen (v. 11-17). The colony was reminded that God alone was the source of prosperity; that the idols had spoken vanity; but that the Lord would save his chosen people in all their tribes (Zech. 10:1-11).

However, the national life of the Jews continued corrupt and ungodly. The wickedness of the people did not warrant the fulfillment of these promises—the end of it all was terrible ruin. And this result was portrayed by Zechariah (Zech. 11:1-3). Yet, Jehovah's loving care for His people is shown by His committing them to the care of the prophet, who endeavored to lead them aright, but finally gave them up (v. 4-6). The prophet then describes the chief shepherd's feeding of the flock (v. 7-14) and tells how Israel, having driven away the good shepherd would be committed to a shepherd who would lead them to ruin (v. 15-17).

The last three chapters of Zechariah's prophecies relate how the heavy judgments on Israel would lead them to God. The people would then triumph, the Divine Spirit should be poured out upon them, they should repent of their former wickedness, and finally would purify themselves from all ungodliness (chs. 12-14). And these strong and vivid prophecies were well fitted to cheer the new colony in its long depression. No one could believe but that a triumphant future lay before the people.

While these things were thus in the Holy Land, there stood at the head of

the scribes of the Dispersion (as the Jews in Babylonia were called) a famous priest named Ezra. He could trace his ancestry back to Aaron, and his profound acquaintance with the law, and his rigid observance of it, were so universally acknowledged, that a school of disciples had gathered round him at Babylon. Ezra had been born in Babylonia—he had never seen the temple. He concluded, therefore, in the seventh year of Artaxerxes, the successor of the Persian King Xerxes, to visit the colony at Jerusalem.

Artaxerxes favored the project, and issued the third favorable edict or commandment of the Return. Ezra was invested with full authority to make collections from the Jews of Babylonia for the adornment of the temple of Jehovah, and to establish magistrates and judges in every part of Judea. Ezra was accompanied by more than five thousand souls. The journey occupied about four and a half months. This time the caravan journeyed without protection from royal troops; but "the hand of our God," says Ezra, "was upon us."

At Jerusalem the spirit of Ezra, who was so rigid and severe in the observance of the Mosaic law, received a severe shock. Many of the people, of all classes, had intermarried with the alien, and thus the Jews were becoming mixed. Ezra set about at once to reform his people. A great assembly was called in December, when the winter rains were falling heavily. A court was instituted, presided over by Ezra, with the heads of great clans as assessors. In two months, a multitude of women were repudiated and turned adrift; mothers and helpless children were alike put away that the chosen people might be purified. The reform was generally complied with; but still Jerusalem lay open and defenseless. The Persian kings would

not permit so important a post as the Jewish capital to be fortified.

The history of Judah for the next fourteen years is unknown. In the twentieth year of Artaxerxes, however, Nehemiah, a man of Jewish decent and cupbearer to the king, was commissioned to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem with all possible haste. The cause for the change in the policy toward the ruined city is found in the history of the times more than in the personal influence of Nehemiah himself. The power of Persia had received a fatal blow; Persian arms had been defeated at Curdus by the Athenian general, Conon. The great king was forced to abandon all maritime posts, and to agree to the stipulation that the Persian army should not approach within three days' march of the sea. Jerusalem was about this distance from the sea-coast, and lay, furthermore, near the line of communication with Egypt. The city became, therefore, a post of great importance; it was to the advantage of Persia to have it strongly fortified, and under the supervision of a loyal subject like Nehemiah. The new governor met, however, much opposition. Sanballat, Tabiah, and other chiefs of neighboring nations,—revengeful, no doubt, for the repudiation of the women of their tribes in the reform of Ezra—did all in their power to thwart the work. And besides these open foes, Nehemiah had to contend with traitors among his own people, whom he had censured for taking usury from the poor.

In an incredibly short time, however, the walls were completed and dedicated. Wearied from his arduous duties, Nehemiah repaired to Babylon, to report progress and to renew his commission. His brother Hanani, and Hananiah, were left as governors of Jerusalem. On his return, Nehemiah proceeded to number the people and separate those of pure

descent, and to adorn and beautify the temple. The citizens of Jerusalem were also enrolled. It seems that the people were unwilling to inhabit the city. The police was there more strict; the military duties were more burdensome; and in general there was less freedom and less profit than in the cultivation of the soil. The Persian court required, however, that the city should be well manned. Consequently, every tenth man by lot was compelled to enroll himself in Jerusalem.

During this time, Ezra, who had been superseded in the governorship by Nehemiah, occupied himself with the compilation of the Jewish Scriptures. Some of the Hebrew writings had been lost; as, for example, the Book of Jasher, the book of the wars of the Lord, the writings of Gad and of Iddo the Prophet, and those of Solomon on Natural History. The rest Ezra collected, revised, and arranged in three divisions; (1) the Law, containing the five books of Moses; (2) The Prophets, comprising the historical and prophetic books; and (3) the Hagiographa, containing Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon. The Law, thus collected and revised, was read by Ezra at the feast of Tabernacles. The people were profoundly impressed, and renewed the covenants with their God. They vowed

to avoid all intermarriages with strangers, and to obey rigidly the law.

In the twelfth year of his administration, Nehemiah went again to Persia. In his absence, affairs at Jerusalem fell into disorder. The solemn covenant was forgotten. High and low intermarried with the heathens. The Sabbatical law—and, indeed, the whole law—was violated with impunity. Malachi, the last of the Old Testament prophets, remonstrated with the people but in spite of his warning and inspired prophecies, the evil grew in the land.

When Nehemiah returned, he found that Eliashib, the high priest, had assigned a chamber in the temple for the use of Tobiah, the Ammonite. And Manasseh, a grandson of the high priest, had married a daughter of their other adversary, Sanballat. Nehemiah immediately set about to reform these disorders. Alien wives were divorced; and among others, Manasseh was expelled from Jerusalem. Sanballat, in revenge, built a rival temple on Mount Gerizim, and appointed Manasseh high priest. Thus the schism between Samaritan and Jew was perpetuated; the people were forever separated. Samaria, however, never became important, whereas Jerusalem was destined to pass through a second era of magnificence and ruin.



MORMONISM AND AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

THE genius of civil and religious liberty is the guardian angel of this great Republic. To say that we tolerate any form of religious faith is a misnomer; to be a skeptic or a Christian is a matter of individual right, one

inherent in the very nature of things. There is no state religion, no state church, no compulsory taxation for the maintenance of creed or dogma, or even for that which is true in matters of faith. The Catholic and the Jew, the Spirit-

ualist and the Salvationist, are on an equal plane; the Mohammedan and the Mormon can propagate their theories, publish their opinions and organize themselves equally with the Methodist and the Presbyterian. No man is amenable to another as to the law for his opinions or his faith.

Restrictions once common under monarchical rule have become obsolete, penalties once adjudged desirable in the New England States have passed into oblivion, persecution is not recognized as a virtue, nor is prejudice considered characteristic of an intelligent citizen. Whatever may remain of these in sparsely settled or uninformed districts is on the wane. Personality, individuality, even to idiosyncrasy, is no barrier to the amenities of social intercourse, to the exercise of political influence, or to the activities of commerce and trade. Men are not tabooed, as in past years, for being Mormons, it has been found that they have neither hoofs nor horns, that they are capable in business, successful in the arts, and ready adopters of scientific discovery; they are self-supporting, progressive, patriotic, and equalling in enterprise any men elsewhere. The State of Utah tells the story of its pioneers, it gives evidence of faith, patience and hard work; its institutions of learning, though builded in the desert, have found congenial soil; neglected, rebuked, misunderstood, nay, counted unworthy and without claim to public respect and national recognition, she, minding her own business, has finally found her place upon the nation's flag. Salt Lake City has become the Mecca of the nation. Brigham Young, once accounted the "rawhide and bloody bones" of non-appreciative jealousy and ignorance, is now seen to have been a statesman of the highest type. A prophet and mighty man among his

friends, he was a charlatan among his active enemies, but he wielded a power which so far outranked the imagination of his rivals and opponents, that superlative expressions of hatred and dislike were continually heard; he was the far-sighted, sagacious observer of political change: frank, genial, decided, inspirational, he detested the simulation of Esau behind the voice of Jacob. This city and state were, under God and by the people, of his conception and creation, yet he was a disciple of and believer in the divine mission and seership of Joseph Smith. This does not lessen his manhood nor cramp his intellect, nor pervert his judgment, nor lead captive his reason, these were all auxiliary and testimony to his faith. His people believed in the same prophet while they honored his successor, and the program of the former, interpreted by the latter, was the catechism and testament of a people fleeing from bitter enemies or gathering from the nations of the earth: two marvelous men, whose reputation and authority will increase among mankind until time shall be no more. Visitors to Salt Lake City or Utah may be incredulous to this statement, but the certainty thereof will grow upon reflecting minds as they consider this question. Mormonism is, under God, an American institution; it supplements the toil, sacrifice and expression of the fathers, as voiced in the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, by the revelation of spiritual liberty, through the proclamation of the Gospel of God and Christ; the great "magna charta" of salvation and a deliverance from error, superstition, man-made systems and human authority.

Mormonism glorifies America as the cradle of the human race, as the land of promise and destiny, as the stage upon which the drama of the Gods and the

eternities will be brought to final denouement of Divine purpose in the creation of man!

The school is in session, prophets and apostles direct its course of education by authoritative inspiration, every student entering upon his studies must believe in God and the Messiah, Jesus Christ; he must be, by the presentation of mutual relationship, led to repentance and obedience; he must submit to the divinely appointed rite of immersion or water baptism under an administrator appointed of God; he must receive in the order of God and in His way "the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands;" he must become a member of the Church of God, submitting to its discipline, enjoying its privileges, partaking of its spirit and blessing as a co-worker with the Father in the name of Jesus Christ. He must participate in and know that "these signs follow the believer," he must grow as intended in all

the graces of the Christian character, forsaking human inventions and appliances which are neither authorized nor accepted of God; he must know that while God "winked" at the "times of our ignorance, now He commandeth men everywhere to repent."

If this is believed and obeyed the convert will be a Mormon, a disciple of Jesus Christ, he will testify of Joseph Smith and will know that "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation," for the testimony thereof will come to the believer "in power and in much assurance."

That faith which traversed the great plains, built the cities, founded this State, and gathered this people of many nationalities, and by one spirit is fusing them into a homogeneous whole, will be comprehended, for "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show unto them His covenant."

N.



A RURAL LESSON.

While walking one day, o'er a lone country road,

I was asked by an old man, to ride;

As I nodded and thanked him, he drew in his lines,

And I mounted the seat at his side.

Then the old man remarked, "There's the willingest team;

As a match they're exceedingly good;

For one of 'em's willin' to pull all the load,

And the other one's willin' he should."

So I noticed the team as we traveled along,

While I thought of the saying so trite;

And I saw that the horse that was willing to pull,

Moved off with a step free and light.

That he held up his head, as if he enjoyed

The work he was having to do,

While the other one lagged and let his head droop,

And seemed to feel "awfully blue."

And I thought how those horses resembled mankind;

For go wheresoever we would,

We'd be sure to find those who are willing to work,

And those who are willing they should.

And the workers are usually happy and gay,

And grateful for life and for health;

While the shirkers complain that injustice holds sway,

Because they're not rolling in wealth.

Dear friends, let's remember the lesson here given,

And try, while we live, to do good,

Uniting with those who are willing to work;

Not with those who are willing they should,

C. M.



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C. Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

HALO AND OTHERS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Threshing time — Difference between our day and olden times—Parable of the Laborers—Thanksgiving Day.

Just what I earn; no higher wage I ask;
And cheerfully n ay I perform each task.
'Tis good to work,
And wrong to shirk.
And may I feel no selfishness or greed,
For things I cant ot earn and do not need.

ONE bright November day, a letter came from Aunt Alice, telling how busy they all were in their country home. For the wheat had been harvested, and was being threshed.

Halo remembered threshing time, when he and his mother were visiting at Uncle David's. How one man stood in what seemed the center of the machine, and kept the horses going 'round and 'round in a circle.

"But," Halo said to his mother, "the horses were not treading out the wheat. They just made the machinery go so that it threshed the grain."

"See how differently the threshing was done in Bible times."

And the little boy brought his Bible for his mother to see the picture of the oxen treading out the grain.

"Was that as good a way to thresh, do you think, mother, as with the machinery men use now?" Halo asked.

"I suppose not," said Lessie, "but it was as good a way, likely, as was

known in those ancient times. The world grows wiser, and many things are invented to make labor easier, and to take less time for doing almost everything that has to be done."

Then Halo found in First Corinthians, ninth chapter, the meaning of the words under the picture. He read, and put together the things which he thought explained the words best. The references he selected were: "Who planteth a vineyard and eateth not of the fruit thereof? or who feedeth a flock and eateth not of the milk of the flock? * * For it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen? Or saith it altogether for our sakes?" For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: "That he that ploweth should plow in hope; and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope."

"Mother," the little boy said, "it means, does it not, that those who work should get some of the profit of their labor? That no one should have to work and raise grain and not have any of it to eat? That not even the oxen that thresh the grain should have their mouths muzzled so that they cannot eat of it."

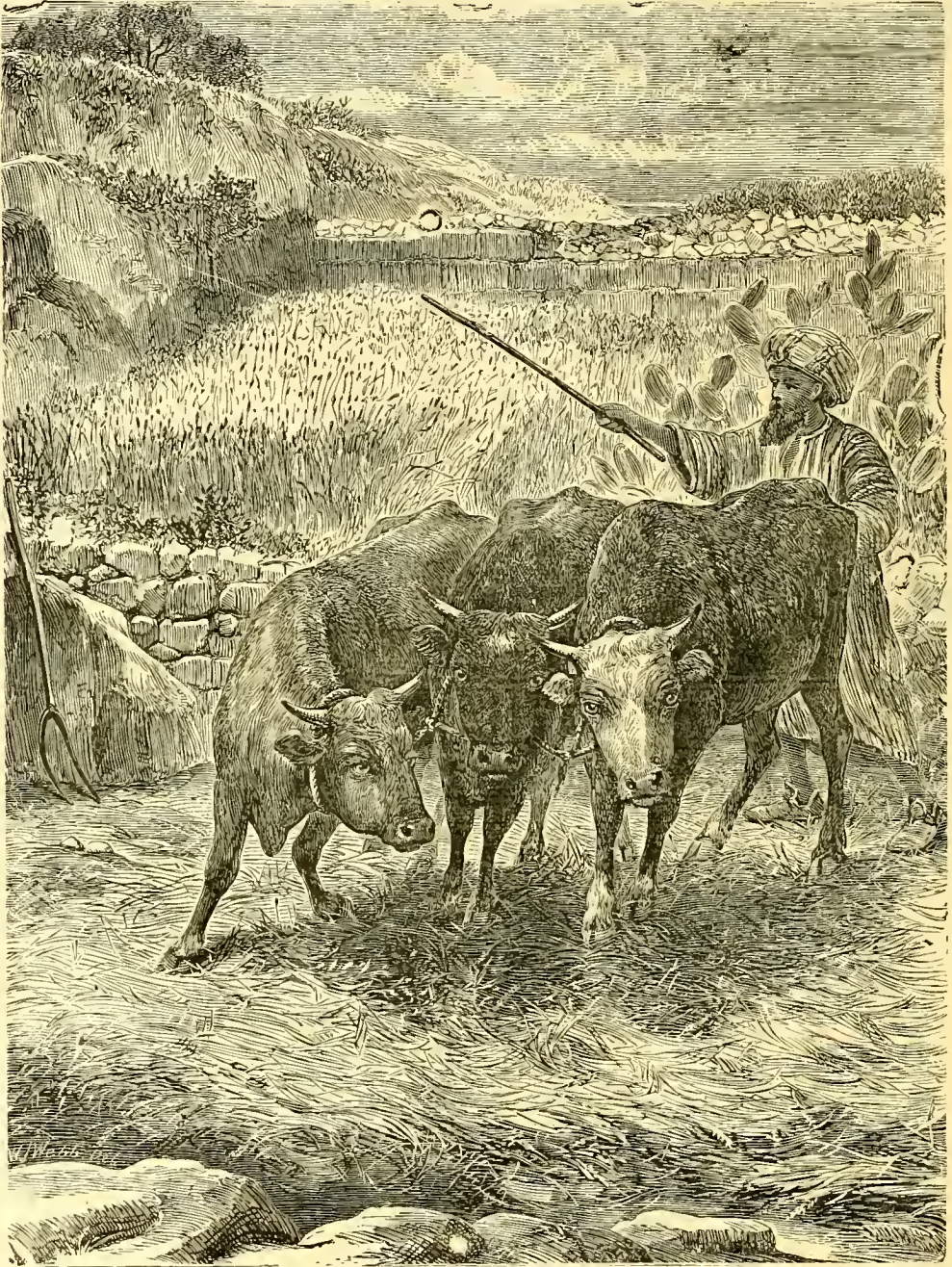
Lessie said she thought Halo had got the right understanding of what was meant by the words under the picture.

Looking over the teachings of the Savior, Halo next became interested in

the parable of the laborers, which he found in the twentieth chapter of Matthew.

He read there that the kingdom of

heaven is like unto a man who is lord of a vineyard, and hires other men to work for him. Some he hired early in the morning, and agreed with them that



THE THRESHING FLOOR.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn."

they should work for a penny a day. They went to work; and about the sixth hour he went out and hired others who were standing idle. And about the

ninth hour, and also at the eleventh hour, he hired others.

And when evening came the lord of the vineyard told his steward to call the



"THEY RECEIVED EVERY MAN A PENNY."

laborers and give them their hire, beginning at the last and going on to the first.

And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received each man his penny. And the others received each a penny also. And those who had labored all day thought it unjust, and murmured against the Lord of the vineyard. They said the last had labored but one hour, and were made equal with those who had borne the burden and heat of the day.

The lord of the vineyard answered one of them, and told him he had what he agreed to work for. And it was not wronging him, if the last who was called to labor received the same that he did.

Halo wondered at these things, and asked his mother why the Savior said the kingdom of heaven was like that.

Lessie said she thought the lesson the Savior was teaching in that parable meant, that those who hear the Gospel and obey it in these later times, will receive salvation in the kingdom of God, the same as the Saints who have lived in former times. Or, that people in the world who meet the Elders that go on missions now, and believe their message of truth and are baptized, by being faithful, will gain a full salvation; and be equal with those who heard and accepted the Gospel away back in the days of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Halo saw what the parable meant, after his mother's explanation, and went on reading his Bible for a little while longer.

Then he talked to his mother about Thanksgiving Day, and hoped if they could not afford a turkey, they could at least have pumpkin pie.

But things happened fortunately with Halo's father just before Thanksgiving Day, and they had all they needed for a good dinner when the day came.

And Halo was made very happy on Thanksgiving morning, by being sent with a nice offering of love to his Primary president, who was a poor, hard working, and very worthy woman.

L. L. G. R.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LETTER BOX.

A Visit to Luther's Home at Wittenberg, Germany.

A small party consisting of President Hugh J. Cannon and wife, Miss Arvilla Clark, Miss Mattie Read, papa, mama and myself were making a tour in Northern Germany. We stopped off at Wittenberg, a very quaint city situated on the river Elbe, with a population of sixteen thousand, five hundred inhabitants.

Until 1873 it was a fortress, and one of the cradles of the reformation. It was also the residence of the Electors of Saxony till 1542. In 1760 it was bombarded by the Austrians; in 1813, was occupied by the French; stormed by the Prussians, under Laurotzen, and taken from the French, in 1814.

From the station we went direct to the tree which marks the place where Luther publicly burned the papal bull on December 10, 1520.

We then proceeded to his historic dwelling, where the great Reformer spent the best part of his busy and eventful life. Here our guide was a very nice little "Fraulein," who showed us through the various rooms.

The vestibule contains a "Crucifixion" by the younger Canach, and other very beautiful pictures.

In the cabinet are Luther's drinking goblet, and Catharine Van Bora's rosary.

In Luther's living room are his table, bench, and stove of colored tiles.

Room 3 is adorned with modern paintings, representing Charles V at the grave of Luther, the Diet of Worms, the translation of the Bible, Luther's betrothal, and Luther fixing his theses on the door of the church. Rooms 4, 5 and 6 contain many wonderful paintings, glass cases of medals, autographs; wood-cuts, engravings, books, pamphlets and documents.

We enjoyed ourselves here very much, because it is such a noted place.

We also visited the church where Luther is buried by the side of Melancthon, another great reformer, and a life long friend of Luther. It was indeed a rare treat, one that I shall always remember with pleasure and appreciation.

I wish the readers of our dear JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR could have been with us.

Sincerely,
PRUETTE K. GODDARD,
London.



A Working Family, an Accident, and a Kind Criticism.

FOUR MILE RANCH, WYOMING.

We are a family of workers. I am twelve years, and the oldest of six children. We work hard, but we have good health and are happy.

The reason I can write to the Letter-Box today is that I let a board drop on my foot, and it has crippled me for awhile. I laughed over the accident at first, but my foot was numbed. When the feeling came into it again I cried with pain. And when I got my shoe and stocking off it was swelled very much and quite dark colored. Mama bandaged it with a cloth wet in hot vinegar and salt, which eased the pain. But I have to sit with my foot in a chair, for when I put it down so that the blood runs into it, it hurts me.

I am reading the Book of Mormon through at home, and think it the most interesting of anything.

My uncle, who boards with us, is a subscriber to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. That also is very interesting to me. I think the children's letters have been extra good lately. I hope they will all keep trying to improve and see what good letters they can write. I like the sketches such as "Some of our Sunday Schools," and "Some of our Poets" too, and all the stories and the good lessons that are given in it. We children all like the story of "Halo" very much.

Papa or uncle read the longer and harder pieces aloud; and they and mama and I like them all.

My two little sisters, Gertie and May, seven and five years old, have to wash the dishes without me today. But they are doing it nicely, and enjoying themselves over their work. I hope my letter isn't too long, and that I can write again sometime.

MAUD EDITH HANCKIE.



Helps Mother.

OAKLEY, IDAHO.

Our mama takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and we like it very much. I have four sisters and a brother alive, and two sisters and three brothers dead; and our father has been dead four years. We help our mother as much as we can. I am ten years old.

MONROE MATTHEWS.



NOTE.

THE Deseret Sunday School Union is headquarters for Religion class textbooks, etc. Elder M. F. Cowley requests that orders for his books be sent to the Sunday School Union, as he is out of town most of the time, and unable to give orders his attention,

SET FREE.

Tune: "Nearer My God to Thee."

Words by Emily H. Woodmansee.



Set free from pain and grief, Set free from cares;

Set free from mortal woes, Set free from snares. . .

'Tis well with all who land Up - on yon heaven - ly shore;

'Tis well 'tis well to gain Peace ev - er' - more. . .

2. Upborne by angel hands,
Joyful their flight,
Who hold a rightful claim
"To mansions bright."
O, bliss supreme to hear
The welcome words of cheer,
"Enter ye faithful ones
To joy and light."
3. Truth gives to souls bereaved
This promise sweet,
The loving and the loved
Again shall meet.

- True souls will reunite
With kindred ones set free
Through Him who died for all
On Calvary.
4. Great Source of strength and grace,
Be Thou our friend;
Help us to run the race
Unto the end.
To Thee, Oh Lord of love,
Faithful we fain would be,
Worthy to meet the hosts
Set free, set free.



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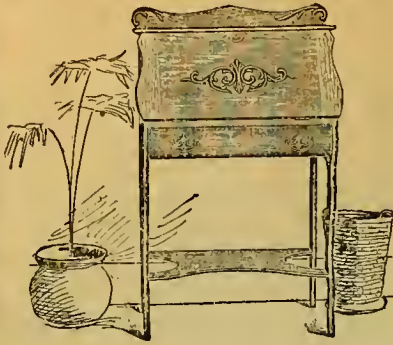
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